

THE DOWNFALL OF A HERO

SAD-TO-SAY HAS A TASTE OF PHILIPINE CAMPAIGNING.

The New Recruit Who Was a Noted Fighting and the Old Soldier—An Account of a March Through Rive Fields Where Battles Seem to Be More Useful Than Men.

ISABELLA, Negros, P. I., Dec. 1.—After his injury had departed, and four native runners had carried him off on a litter to the division hospital there after many months to receive a disability discharge, the men of Company Y of the "Death Infantry" always referred to him as "Sad-to-Say." For his brief career as a soldier prints a name that recruiting officers may bear in mind with pride to the service.

It was while Y was stationed at Gingoan, on the Island of Negros, that Sad-to-Say came as a new recruit to the company. He came here as a great man. Men who, without orders, would not have left their banks to see the Major-General commanding fall over one another to get a seat at Sad-to-Say. For back in the States Sad-to-Say had been a middleweight pugilist of considerable note, and the story of his fame had penetrated even to the camp-fields of the far Philippines. It was whispered that he had left behind him in the States a trail of mace-wounds, lacerated noses and eyes that rivaled that of the immortal Sullivan. And it was hinted that a little double-cross deal in which he had sold out his own backer was the reason for his temporary retirement from the ring and his enlistment in the army. At any rate, for a few days Company Y took him at his reputed value and hailed him as a great man. As a matter of fact, he acted as if he could live up to his reputation in almost any field that was put up against him.

The sparkle of youth was there in his eyes. His skin was glistening white, save where it blushed with the pink glow of health. His muscles had both the knottedness of the athlete and the plump curves of beauty. His bulging head sat on a bold neck that sprang from a leonine trunk.

And so for three whole days Company Y worked up its new lad and Sad-to-Say lived in an atmosphere of incense and adulation. On the fourth orders came splitting the company into small detachments and scattering them to the four winds of the island. And it was at dinner that day, the last company dinner for months to come that Sad-to-Say made his first really bad break.

Old Daybreak was the oldest soldier in the company. His discharge showed twenty-nine years of service in Uncle Sam's regulars. How old he was no one knew. The topogenesis firmly believed that he was the son of the countess part of Sister Haggard's "She" and that he had once been reduced from sergeant to forgotten himself and drilling recruits in the old drill of the Roman Empress. Anyhow, Daybreak's hair and beard were naturally the color of the ashes on the embers of a good cigar. But he resented the idea of becoming one of OH! Time's blessed Mendes and never missed an opportunity to dye his locks a jet black—with the result that, as a rule, the outer third of each hair was black and the balance "Shure." Private Sevenspot, who "had the head of the cold devils" hucks like a break of day." And thereafter he was universally known as Old Daybreak.

Old Daybreak and Sad-to-Say would have made a hit with a patent medicine advertiser as Before and After Taking. There were no curves of beauty or knots of muscle about Daybreak's legs or arms. He was made to fit the pitifully pitifully snubbed.

"You ought to look like a man," said Daybreak.

"I'm one," said Sad-to-Say.

"You got a set some in your haversack," said Daybreak.

"Yes," admitted Sad-to-Say, "but my haversack is full of bacon, the traps you think about."

"You are a lousy," said Daybreak and rolled his eyes.

"Shure," Private Sevenspot had said of him,

"he's had a lot of bad luck, but he's a good fellow."

"He's got a set some in his haversack," said Daybreak.

"I can't help it," said Sad-to-Say, digging right in.

"Teeth chattered uncontrollably."

"Teeth chattered," he said. "I'll send you a lady nurse and have your naughty-things fingered out, but you can't have any more."

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